

THE CARMELITE

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INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

"Why spend years forcing spinach down a child's throat if at twenty-one you're going to turn him over to a war machine?" said Mrs. Henry Francis Grady in a speech that stimulated every member of the Women's Club on Monday last at Pine Inn.

Mrs. Grady has organized and become President of the International Relations sections of the women's city clubs of San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley and she believes in clubdom and in the results that discussion and debate and cooperative work among women can achieve.

Some work clubwomen can do for example, is select a subject of international importance such as Nicaragua, International barriers, Mexico, study it, have experts to speak on it, and then have the members discuss. Mrs. Grady gave a well-worked out example "just for the fun of it" as she enthusiastically stated, by taking Mexico, getting four questions asked and then answering those questions and others that arose out of them.

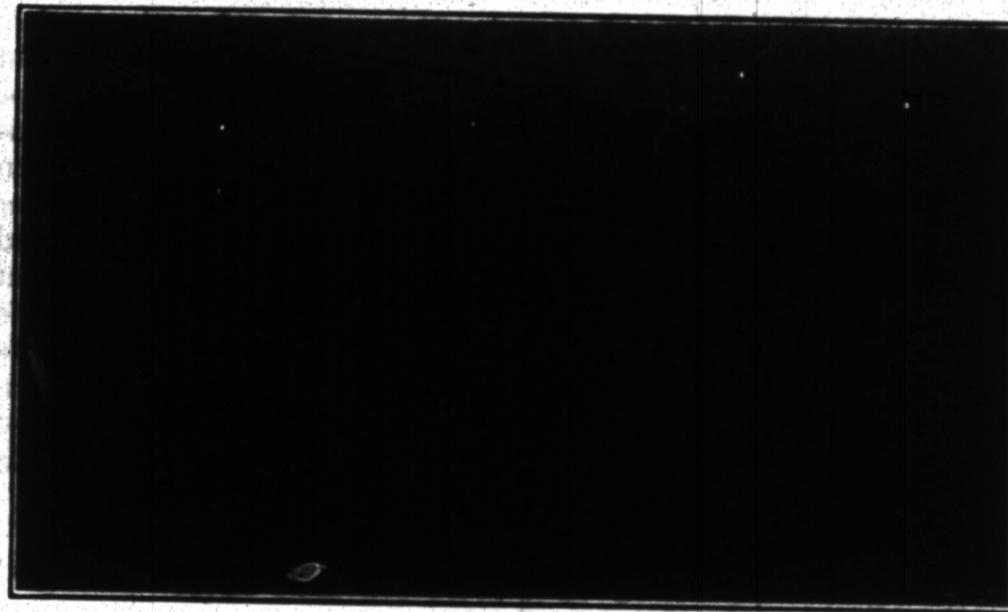
Replying to one query about the Church and state controversy, Mrs. Grady said that she had Catholic affiliations and therefore was not biased against the Church: but she could unhesitatingly state that in Mexico the Church was in the wrong. Many Churches were filled with gold and precious jewels while the peons were starving; and in one community, smaller than Carmel, there were 666 churches.

Six scientists from American Universities are in Mexico now teaching the Mexicans irrigation, scientific feeding methods, sanitation etc., and they, not the politicians, are preparing the country for democracy.

After the speech one felt that international questions could be as fascinating as a best selling novel, when they are handled with Mrs. Grady's knowledge, understanding and charming enthusiasm. The Carmel Women's Club did Carmel a favour by bringing this speaker here.

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
JANUARY 9 1929
FIVE CENTS

RIVER REFLECTIONS



from a
photograph
by Lewis
Slevin

LOBOS

If I could not shut my eyes—
if I could not close my mind
sharply—like a door against it
how would I dare to climb this burning height—
look down and let it all come in at once...
I should die;
rocks would shatter me;
the passionate trees crash down;
and the sea—the sea would spring up in all its beauty
even to this great height.
Or I should leap down to it
so to be finished with the ecstasy—
so to lie forever
like an empty shell
with only soft blue water flowing through
and unheard song.

from Lobos by Jeanne D'Orge, a sheaf of poems recently published by the Seven Arts in Carmel.

Carmel News

Professor George Boke was released from a very difficult illness of eight years when death came to him on Saturday evening.

He was born at Dutch Flat, California. He had degrees in Law from the University of California and from Harvard. He was Professor of Jurisprudence at Yale and at Columbia, and taught in the University of California for eighteen years. He was a member of the Sigma Mu fraternity.

Professor Boke leaves behind, besides his wife, three daughters and a son, of whom Mrs. Marion Todd, Mrs. Charis Kinsey, and Mrs. Joseph Schaffner are now here. His son Dick is a student at Antioch College.

GEORGE BOKE

By Lincoln Steffens

George Boke was the handsomest, the gayest, the clearest teacher of law at the University of California when, years ago, Fremont Older, Rudolph Spreckles and Francis J. Heney set out to clean up San Francisco. Boke came to them, all blond and smiling brave, to offer his services and Spreckles gladly took him in, to organize the supporters of reform, collect and handle funds, and run delicate errands, like calling at Washington on the President for aid and explaining in New York to liberals in doubt. All went well for awhile; the beginnings were with the bribe-takers. But as always in reform, the bribe-takers peached on the briber; the man-hunt went higher up and some of the supporters of reform fell away. "Reform was going too far."

Boke stuck, smiling as ever; and he stuck knowingly. Mrs. Boke told him. The trail was reaching up and up and the commanding men of San Francisco, the leading citizens of the State were in it, and their friends—the riches, the power, the organized evil of society rallied to the defence of graft, to the opposition to reform. Such a surprise! The churches, the clubs, the Chamber of Commerce, the political parties, the newspapers (with a few exceptions, Older's, for example) discovered that they were not for the right; they were for corruption. And among the worst people who had thought (and probably now again think) that they are the best people, were members of the Board of Regents of the State University. Boke was warned, threatened; the President, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, encouraged him; Boke was a rare teacher; but Mrs. Boke—the woman knew better than the head of the University what was in store for him. Boke was told in time what would happen to a teacher of youth who

served and taught the truth, whether in Berkeley or in Athens.

Boke stuck. He smiled and fought on. His courage daunted the regents who were busy defending themselves or their grafts or their kind, and they did not dare to punish Boke, till it was all over. They had to content themselves with "cautions." Then, Hiram Johnson, who took over the prosecution when Frank Heney was shot, became Governor and he would not let the Regents fire Boke, but they warned President Wheeler, who wept but had to warn the great teacher that a man who was as right, as courageous, as effective as he was could not have a career as a teacher of youth in this state. It was a long, dull, deadening struggle and Boke, with all hope of promotion and appreciation cut off, stuck till something broke in the heart or the soul or—maybe it was only in the nerves of George Boke and he was paralysed.

He came in that state to Carmel and here for years he has sat wrapped up in an invalid's chair, speechless, motionless, helpless, an example to the youth of this state, to this country, of what will happen to a fearless, honest, intelligent teacher who dares to deny the lie we all live and teaches the truth we all believe—about things as they are with us. Even the reformers forgot George Boke. His wife stuck and the children; the children understood or felt this born-teacher, and learned from him even when he was dumb.

BIGGER AND BETTER

A new motion picture theatre will be built in Carmel this summer by the Golden State Theatres, incorporated. The site just bought for this purpose is on the southeast corner of Ocean and Mission, almost opposite the old Manzanita Theatre. A building of the Spanish type will be erected, and the Manzanita Theatre be replaced with a modern office building by its owner, Mr. M. J. Murphy, who was also the owner of the site of the new theatre. The plan is that there will be a Spanish plaza about the square bounded by Seventh, Mission, Junipero, and Ocean.

RESURRECTION OF THE DRAMA

Bert Heron's retirement from the Seven Arts Bookshop leaves him free to fill the presidency of the Carmel Theatre Guild with especial elan.

The guild now meets regularly on Tuesday evening of every week in its own quarters in the Seven Arts Building, with fortnightly readings of plays. Among other projects up its sleeve is the contemplated publication of a Theatre Guild Bulletin, informally every now and then, or when the spirit moves.

THE CARMELITE, January 9, 1929

THE CARMELITE

CALENDAR

January

- 9 Lecture—before the P. T. A. Sunset School at 2:30, by Anne Hadden, County Librarian at Salinas, on "Children's Reading." Open to all.
- 10 Lecture—Monterey High School at 8:00, by Dr. Sathro, before the Monterey P. T. A. on Physical Examinations. Open to all.
- 11 Lecture—by Professor M. M. Knight, on How England Pays Her War Debts. At the residence of Mrs. Esther Teare, Auspices of the Women's International League. Admission fifty cents.
- 13 Divine Services—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
- 14 Folk-dancing—at the Sunset School, at 8:00. Clay work and carpentry. Open to all adults.
- 17 Song recital—by Isona Sepulveda. At the Greene studio at 8:00. Admission a dollar.

DR. KNIGHT PRESENTS HIS FOURTH LECTURE HERE

The Carmel Branch of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom offers the fourth lecture of the series by Dr. M. M. Knight of the University of California on the Economics of War, next Friday evening January eleventh at eight, at the residence of Mrs. Esther Teare, at Ninth and Lincoln. Dr. Knight has a prodigious fund of knowledge of his subject. He will speak this week on "How England Pays Her War Debts."

An interesting part of the last evening with Dr. Knight was the discussion which followed his very competent presentation of his material.

The lecture is a public one, with an admission fee of fifty cents.

SHOOT

While the late Henry Wadsworth Longfellow stirs uneasily in his grave, the village of Grand Pre (front view only) sprouts into being on Point Lobos. The name of Dolores Del Rio is spoken in hushed accents in Carmel,—and cars move along to the toll-gate behind the thundering trucks of the United Artists. The small, medium-sized, and larger, boys of town form an expectant fringe about the operations of the carpenters,—each, we do not hesitate to suspect, nursing within himself the burning secret hope that he may see Her, Herself in person.

NOTABLE PACIFIST WILL LECTURE

Anne Martin will speak on The National Peace Conference at Washington, next Sunday evening at 8:45, at the residence of Mrs. Esther Teare. Members of the Women's International League and their guests are invited. Miss Martin has recently returned from Washington where she was summoned as a member of the national executive board of the W.I.L.

CHANGING HANDS

With the new year a change takes place in the Seven Arts Shop. Miss Nathalie Smith takes over the shop,—or that part of it dealing with books and stationery. Her plan is to give the complete service due from a book shop, including, very shortly, a circulating library.

Miss Smith comes rather recently from New York, where she has lived in Greenwich Village while doing secretarial work on Wall Street. She is the quiet brown-eyed young woman who has been seen about the Seven Arts during the last weeks and who, in addition to her charm, gives forth a sense of competence underlying gentleness.

A QUAIN PROFESSION

A unique profession is that of Leonard Wilson, F. R. S. A., who is visiting the peninsula to preach the gospel of the correct bearing of coat armor. He holds that most people do not know how to wear it. Architects are the principal offenders. They put blank shields with ignoble devices like the bar sinister, over doorways. Or they turn the charges from the dexter to the sinister side, a sign of cowardice; whereas a blank shield indicates that people living in the house have no pretension to gentility. Women, with exception of queens, are not allowed to wear a crest. Mr. Wilson is author of a manual "The Coat of Arms, Crest, and Great Seal of the U. S. A."

AT ALL SAINTS'

The Wimodausis Club is presenting a dramatic entertainment at the Parish House of All Saints' on Friday evening January eleventh at 8:00. It will be supported by the Community Church Orchestra and other music. There will be an admission fee of thirty-five cents. Proceeds will be used for stage fixtures in the Parish Hall.

SAND DOLLAR

Protoplasm, seeking,
Pressed a stencil on the living plate,
The pattern of the quest, a star.
No stamp of place; no date.
(And yet my debt is great.)

A coin of earth and sea
From mint of ocean flow
Worn by bartering waves,
Spent at last on the shore
(I can give no less, no more.)

—Christine Frederiksen.

Personal Bits . .

David and Iris Alberto, with Mrs. Phil Gordon, have returned from several days in the snows of the Yosemite Valley. Deep and crisp were these snows, they report, and of many depths. The sun rises late in the morning over the edge of the deep valley, setting in mid-afternoon over the opposite rim. Chief among the sports is of course tobogganning,—on ash-can lids, provided in quantities by the hotels to their guests.

At the moment of midnight in which the new year entered, down from the heights of Glacier Point came the fire-fall, which all who have seen must remember,—flaming tree-trunks from a giant bonfire sent over the thirty-six-hundred-foot cliff, leaving a trail of swift flame like a shooting star. A warning voice from above, an answering call from below, and then the mighty forest relapses into silence.

* * * *

George Lusk, who is teaching Art at the University of California at Berkeley, is here to visit Ray Boynton. Mr. Lusk has exhibited his work at the Art Institute of Chicago. He studied abroad, first in Prague where he had the Czecho-slovak Fellowship, and later in Paris on the American Field Service Fellowship. Like

many painters who teach, he finds a danger to his own work in the temptation to give all one's energies into one's teaching for his is also a creative art. Meanwhile in Carmel he is forgetting both, taking long walks up the valley and beside the sea, and weaving his way shyly among the movie carpenters at Point Lobos.

* * * *

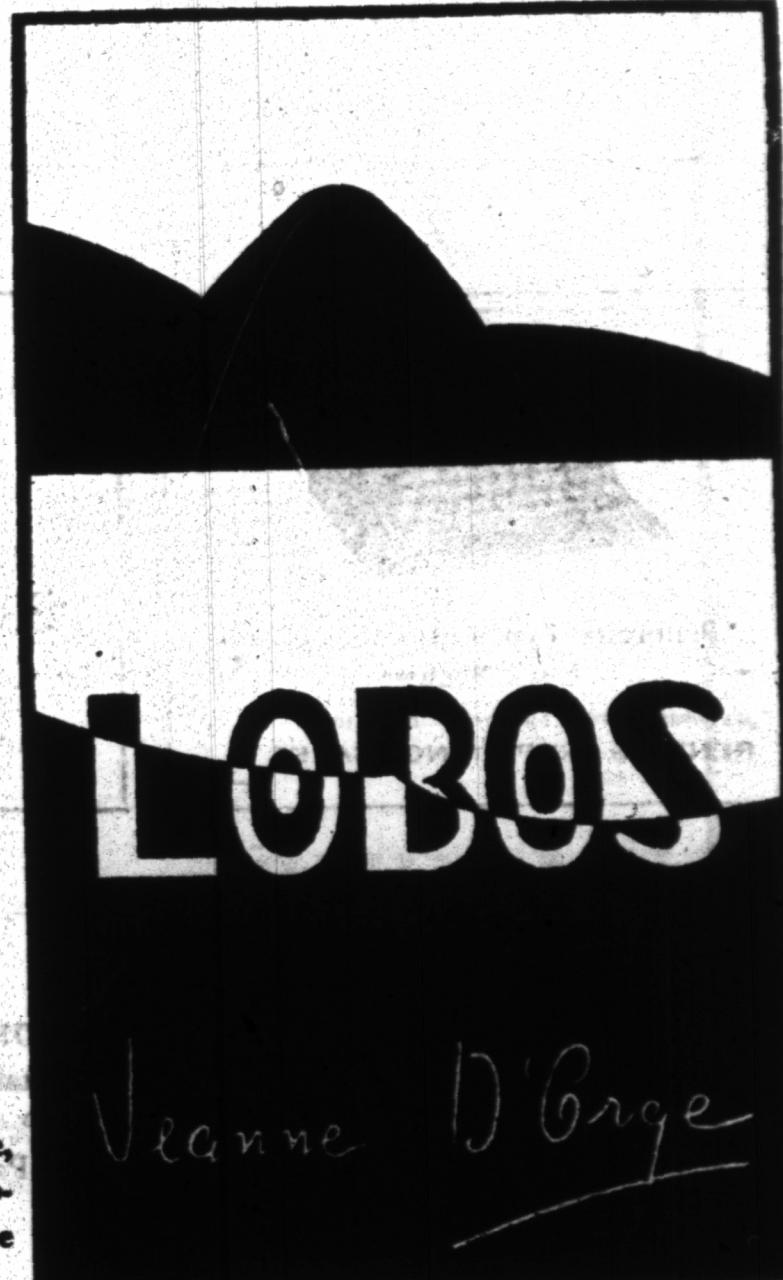
In a quiet little house among the acacias on Mission Street are a Russian singer and his wife, Vasili and Sybil Anikeeff. When Vasili Anikeeff speaks softly, the chair on which he is sitting resounds. When he is discussing something, the very floor underfoot vibrates hummily. Numerous and musical resonances.

Mr. Anikeeff has for some time been the profoundest basso of the American Opera Company. But when he speaks of singing, he speaks mostly of Russian folksong, of Schubert, and of Brahms. Discussion with him reveals the inner glow of the man who cares, deeply, within himself, for the thing he is doing.

Mr. Anikeeff will be in Carmel until early summer. He is, as far as we are aware, the only singer now teaching in Carmel. And we should like to hear him sing.

* * * *

Ruth Austin has just returned from Dresden, where she has been studying with Mary Wigman, one of the great dancers of the modern movement. Mrs. Austin will be teaching in San Francisco during February and March.



From Lobos, by Jeanne D'Orge,
a sheaf of poems recently published
over the imprint of The Seven Arts



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The Arts . . .

A second Decorative Arts show, open to all artists living in California, is announced for the latter part of February and all of March in San Francisco, sponsored by the Women's City Club and the San Francisco Society of Women Artists. It will include contemporary work in furniture, textiles, wall decoration, sculpture and carving, ceramics, and crafts.

The exhibition will also include alcove groupings of work by individuals or by groups of artists.

Exhibits will be received from the thirteenth to the sixteenth of February. Miss Helen Forbes, of 1030 Vallejo Street, San Francisco, will supply further information.

MADAME SEPULVEDA IN SONG RECITAL

Seven years ago, Madame Isona Sepulveda was to have sung in Carmel as a coloratura soprano. She did not keep her Concert engagement. Instead, she retired to her studio to break her voice of all the qualities built into it in collaboration with the greatest singing teachers of Europe. She sought the fundamental voice. She has achieved it—and now is ready to sing for Carmel.

Incidentally Madame Sepulveda achieved the command of five octaves blended into one register without a break. While other singers have to shift their gears, Madame Sepulveda can move along the whole gamut of five octaves on one speed. This achievement of Madame Sepulveda is destined to revolutionize all singing instruction.

At the Greene Studio, on the seventeenth, Madame Sepulveda will sing arias from the operas written for tenor, soprano, contralto, dramatic soprano, lyric soprano and coloratura.

Madame Sepulveda gained this prodigious range in order to sing the music of nature which she has heard since girlhood. Like Debussy, she is clairaudient, and she has had to invent her own idiom, and create her own instrument. Those who have heard her Nature Music declare that at last there is something new in the world. This Nature Music is the Authentic voice of Pan.

Madame Sepulveda actually sings Trees, Rivers, Skies, Oceans, Mountains. It is a Dionysian interpretation commanding a prodigious technique.

Carmelites are privileged to attend a real premiere on Thursday the Seventeenth.

Mrs. Mary Young-Hunter will give an introductory talk.

Movies . . .

"The Docks of New York" which will be shown at the Golden Bough today and tomorrow is one of the best movies we have seen recently. Excellently acted by Baclanova, Betty Compson and George Bancroft, whose slow heavy stoker's walk is one of the joys of the performance, it gives one the atmosphere of the docks, the feel of the life led by the underworld there, the hardboiledness of the man-made women who serve sailors for a night and yet keep some spark of feeling which may wreck or make their lives: it gives these without exaggeration or artificiality.

The photography is often striking, particularly one vignette which shows a man and woman in the murky fog, with a balustrade line on each side; the scene is shot at such an angle that those two geometrical lines assume as much importance as if they were designed by a "highbrow" photographer or a modern architect.

The rest of this week is equally rich. Norma Shearer on Friday, Jackie Coogan (who is at present filling the society columns of the London newspapers) on Saturday; Jim Tully's classic of tramp existence, "Beggars of Life" on the 13th and 14th, with Wallace Berry, Richard Arlen and Louise Brooks. On Tuesday comes Pola Negri, who has just achieved the screen rights to one of Bernard Shaw's plays; a success which actors, directors and producers have sought in vain for decades. She will be seen here in "Loves of an Actress." —E. W.

SCIENTISTS TAKE ANOTHER STEP IN PROLONGING LIFE

We quote the following article from the San Francisco Examiner, recording another important step in the analysis of the human body, which brings us still nearer to man's eventful achievement of a synthetically created man. Man creating himself.

Achievement of another step toward prolonging human life was announced tonight to the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The advance is a chemical discovery, which furthers the attempt of medicine to simplify and possibly make less costly its treatment of diabetes and diseases which depend on control of the sugar in human bodies.

The discovery was the isolation of the active principle that controls sugar, called a hormone, which is operative in insulin, the recently discovered remedy for diabetes.

You cannot ask any one to be a hero except yourself. —Lincoln Steffens.

A significant writer is a person whose conscious emotions corresponded to the deep unexpressed feelings of others. —Floyd Dell.

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begs to advise his patrons that an expert in Heraldry, and in the old country history of American families, here from London, will be in attendance at the above address for a limited time. An exhibition of fine heraldic work, consisting of paintings, carvings, art bronzes, histories, seals, dies, etc., is now on display. Consultations are entirely without cost or obligation.

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Camino Real and Ocean

World News

A new and mysterious disease is believed to be attacking many leaders of the Russian Commissar for Health. Ivan Zalkand, a prominent communist recently dead, is seen as one victim. Another was Stepanoff Skvortzoff. Even Trotzky, whose health has been failing rapidly, may have been attacked. The usual symptoms are nervousness, insomnia, progressive general debility, hardening of the arteries and finally death by bodily exhaustion. Nearly all of the active workers in the central communist party suffer in some degree, the Commissar believes, from this malady which he names "soviet degeneration." Its causes are to be sought, he imagines, in the over-active and over-excited life which leaders of the Russian revolution and of the communist group have been following for years. The first danger sign, he believes, is excessive enthusiasm, leading the victim to overwork and to gradual bodily damage. In the interest of the Soviet regime it is essential, Semashko urges in a recent public appeal, to devise ways of restraining this destructive over-activity of the communist chiefs without destroying their enthusiasm for Soviet ideals.

* * * *

Another of the mysterious "tidal waves" which seamen dread and which scientists cannot understand was recently encountered by the American steamship Santa Maria while proceeding northward off the coast of the Carolinas. A few hours earlier, the captain reports, the ship met with brisk wind but this had died down and the sea was calm. Suddenly a single great wave rushed past the vessel, pouring tons of water over her decks and injuring several of the crew. Only one wave was seen, the sea remaining calm thereafter for several hours. Like many previous reports from ships' captains, the incident is a puzzle. Such waves are certainly not "tidal" in the usual sense, for the daily ebb and flow of the tides is a gradual process, due to the bulge in the ocean's water created by the gravitation action of the moon. Submarine earthquakes are sometimes blamed for these waves. Earth shocks along coast lines have been known to produce similar waves nearby. However, the experience of the Santa Maria resembles many similar reports in that no severe earth shock was recorded by continental seismographs at a time corresponding with the wave. Accordingly, the puzzle remains.

PARADISE COMFORT

Whose Love is given over-well
Shall look on Helen's face in hell,
Whilst they whose love is thin and wise
May view John Knox in Paradise.

—Dorothy Parker "Sunset Gun."

SOLITAIRE

The doorway of the great shop devoured the sun.
The whitewashed walls were famished for reflections.
While I stood looking at your letter In the sunny large quietude.
"We are always so solitary," you wrote.
The careful script was impersonal of the emotion.

I knew what you meant.
I have ransacked my heart for emotions To make my solitude less.
Face to face with you I cannot do it.
I am treasuring to myself all your appearances.

(You are crisp and fragrant as violets With dew on them early in the morning.
You are playful and gallant like daffodils Ducking their golden heads in the sun.)

Still I do not know you nor you me.
We are separate as planets.
We are solitary as flowers
Growing side by side.
To each its own color, its own sweetness.
We are solitary as seas and islands in the sea.
We are lonely as the low moon at midday
Where it stands like a white flax
In the shining icy-blue sky.
Around me stood the machines of my craft
Impersonal in their strength and quietude.
The trip hammer, the blowers and forges with their hoods;
The vises clamped to the benches, the horned anvils square to their foundations.
The tool stands hung with cutters, fullers, swages, flatters, hammers.
And in the racks the bars of iron and the sheets of steel...
I pulled the switch and then the blower started.
Fire crept between the grey light coke, a peering flame
That grew to blowy white and hummed into the wide dark cavern of the hood.
The bar I pushed into the forge took heat
And I withdrew it sparkling
And beat it to a spearhead, crude but true.
I threw the motor switch.
The pulleys squeaked, the leather belts slithered and took hold
Foot pressed the lever, the power hammer Woke into a rapid clatter of ponderous quick beats.
The bar was turned, drawn out into the shape I wanted.
The shop hummed...

These things I do easily.
But I cannot fashion words as I beat iron
Or wake emotions as I wake my instruments.
So I endure here solitary
Waiting for you to see.
And you look wistfully at me across the words of your letter.
Your words are like hands upon my heart.

—R. R.

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Editorials . . .

TOOTH-GNASHING OVER THE LIBRARY TAX

We have an undeniably heavy grief in our library tax. Unending are the wails of property-owners over it. Here is a retired couple, living modestly within a budget which does not allow sixty dollars a year for books. But their Library tax is sixty dollars. Here is a good citizen and true, whose library tax, based upon his ownership of a business building, is a hundred and fifty dollars. These griefs weigh heavily. What to do about them?

Unfortunately, there is nothing to do, but complain and pay. The incidence of this tax is simply a mistake which was made when the original library ordinance was blithely passed, putting the burden of payment totally upon the property owners instead of distributing it over the community as a whole. It is useless to say that this tax is passed on by the property owners to the consumers in the community. For the property owners are themselves consumers, and upon that theory have to pay the tax twice.

A second mistake has perhaps been in arranging so large a payment of the building cost of the library to be made within the first two years. This if distributed over a longer period would have been less of a burden.

A third mistake exists in the building itself. It was not made fireproof, and is therefore subject to an unwieldy insurance,—this year, eleven hundred

dollars. (Next year's amount will however be very much less.)

All of these mistakes may be admitted graciously by us, now that they have been made. Yet it is true that we have an exceedingly conscientious Library Board, made up of citizens whom we trust and respect. Mr. Paul Prince has now been asked to join the board, adding to its dignity.

One of the problems now before it is as follows:

Citizens of the city of Carmel pay for this library and are entitled to the full use of its services. Those outside the city limits,—on the Point for instance,—are not legally so entitled. They are taxpayers in the county, however, and to them the county owes the service of its county books, also housed in our library. Shall the Library then make geographical distinction in the placing of these books on its shelves,—with city and county books separate; with city books available only to those living within the city limits?

The thing seems absurd. An alternative would be to devise a method by which those not within the city limits paid a fee for the full use of the library. Over these problems a conscientious board spends hours. It may yet call a mass meeting to put them before the people for solution. One advantage of such a meeting would be to put the library before the community as its responsibility, its own possession, alive. It takes a while before a newish civic institution becomes really organic, warm, living, in a community. For a long while it may be simply a building (most comical to us its lampshades particularly) which contains books, plus a few people rattling round rather loosely and tentatively among them. Gradually it matures, ripens into life, civic and personal affections weave around it; it becomes a beloved part of the landscape,—like a familiar building on a campus about which affection clings like ivy. When, by way perhaps of a mass meeting over its problems, the people of the community have (shall we say?) sat at the bedside of the Library, watching it through its measles, whooping cough, and who-knows-what, they will come to know it as their own. Then it will really have become a library.

RECANTATION

Answer to our editorial of bitter complaint against the selling of sea-edge lots for residence purposes, comes as follows:

At the time Carmel became a city, the Carmel Development Company deeded to the city all of the water front property now within its limits, with the definite stipulation that it should always be kept open and free to the public. By this deed, not even the city can build upon this property. Outside the city limits, toward the Point, there are three pieces of property not included within this pro-

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vision. One is the piece just sold, west of the Jeffers property on the shore. All the rest belongs perpetually to the people.

The Jeffers have deed to the strip of land west of their house between the county road and the ocean. Other landowners along the sea front on the Point have deeds to corresponding strips, with the reservation allowing the public to cross and fish. But within the city limits, the sea-edge belongs completely to the people.

(To Mrs. Jeffers, by the way, the building of a house seaward from the toward does not seem such a catastrophe. "For now," she said, "Every Monday morning I go down to the shore to clear away the rubbish left behind by week-end picnickers."

Last Sunday after a limousine full of people had picnicked on the Jeffers property beside the sea, Mrs. Jeffers cleared the rocks of debris as follows:

32 scraps of paper, assorted
a half-filled bottle of milk
a bottle of henna hair-dye
banana and orange peels
other scraps of food
a sardine can.

Recently there was a dead colt, which had been cast into the sea and washed ashore. There are also, many dozens of pairs of shoes, which have been abandoned by wet-footed abalone hunters, and cast into the sea to return ashore.

These have to be collected by the property owners, and burned.

So this is the cost of a clear seascape in our land of the free and home of the brave. Shine, perishing republic.)

REMINISCENCES

W. E. Logan used to be a newspaper man. He was reminiscing the other day to this effect:—The publisher of the paper for which he worked needed money. A certain politician needed publicity. The politician happened in to the publisher's office and explained his needs. The publisher reciprocated. Three thousand dollars changed hands. Currency—not a check. A reporter was planted on a street corner near a hat-and-pencil beggar. After a few moments the politician came walking down the street, and observed the beggar. Became thoughtful, then benevolent. Reached into his pocket. Drew out a half dollar. Dropped it into the hat with a commiserating look. Walked on.

The reporter noted it all down in his little notebook. The paper printed a sob-story about the politician's love for the poor. The poor—it is to be hoped—elected him.

The good old days are gone. Nowadays the politician would have to drop three thousand into the hat. And then the beggar would be apt to sneer.

And the newspaper would be the one to get the fifty cents.

FASHION NOTE

"Furs are being worn this winter on all coats."

So reads the dictum of the lords of fashion. No self-respecting woman of chic would thereafter fly in the face of Providence and appear without a collar made of the fur of some expensively slain wild beast.

Odd, really. For we long ago left behind the nose-rings of our earlier ancestors. We never even succumbed to the fashion, introduced in this country by its original inhabitants, whom we are politely exterminating, of wearing scalps.

But we do like a bit o' fur still.

Our earlier ancestors, the cave men, before they knew of weaving, got into the habit of slaughtering for warmth and food. We continue the practice,—not because we lack warm clothing in wools and silks,—but because our fashion-makers have perhaps never seen a seal thudded to death; or if they have, did not shudder at the sight.

Exquisite is the lady of fashion in her deeply-furred collar, smooth and pink with cosmetics, fragrant with perfumes at sixteen dollars an ounce. Exquisite, but scarcely a sensitive being.

For if she had really been a sensitive being, her imagination would have been alive, every time she slipped into her magnificently-furred coat, and every moment she wore it, to the thud of the seal-killers upon the skull of an innocent and beautiful living thing; she would have been aware, ah, she would have been aware, of living loveliness.

So Edna St. Vincent Millay recognizes life, writing the title-poem of her new volume of verses,

THE BUCK IN THE SNOW

White sky, over the hemlocks bowed with snow,
Saw you not at the beginning of evening the antlered buck and his doe
Standing in the apple orchard? I saw them. I saw them suddenly go,
Tails up, with long leaps lovely and slow,
Over the stone wall into the wood of hemlocks bowed with snow.

Now lies he here, his wild blood scalding the snow.

How strange a thing is death, bringing to his knees, bring to his antlers
The buck in the snow.
How strange a thing,—a mile away by now, it may be,
Under the heavy hemlocks that as the moments pass
Shift their loads a little, letting fall a feather of snow—
Life, looking out attentive from eyes of the doe.

From the paintings of Mary Young-Hunter of Carmel, now on exhibit at the Wilshire Galleries in Los Angeles.



I speak in darkness but I hear in Light,
Seeking and groping beyond the mortal bound
Of flesh there comes an answer to the sound
Beyond the words, beyond the echoing
Beyond the thrill of lovers' voices shaken
You stir a source—and you live on and sing
In those accumulated harmonies you waken...

—Hugo Seelig.

bottle, and of course I'm not a scrap better. In fact, I'm much worse than ever." But eventually, in spite of the doctor, the medicine, and her conviction, she was well.

* * * *

Half a year later she is ill again. This time she is afraid to be ill. She doesn't want to be. She simply dares not be. What to do?

Desperately she drifts back to her medicine shelf, but this time for the first time she reads the label on the bottle. It is quite explicit. It makes clear the function and purpose of the drug in her ailment.

This time it is in good faith that she pours herself a dose. She is instantaneously, better. Energy floods back,—not within the week, but within ten minutes.

An intellectual conviction has become a bodily reaction. Belief in physiological terms is hunger; disbelief is physiological distaste. The reading of a druggist's label has altered the chemistry of the body toward a chemical receptivity opposite to its former state.

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Education . . .

THE PENINSULA SCHOOL OF PALO ALTO

(There are perhaps half a dozen schools for children on the Pacific Coast which can be called modern,—some as to spirit and attitudes developed, as for example the Ojai School near Santa Barbara; some as to method and way of approach. The Peninsula School at Palo Alto may be informal and lacking in finish as to the manners of its children; but the article below by Mrs. Frederiksen does not in the least exaggerate either the passion of teachers and children for their work, or the joy and the creativeness to be found there. It is a school which fully justifies a day's visit and study on the part of parents and educators. The Editor.)

"Where's Janie? Why isn't she back at school this year?"

"Oh, her mother sent her to Miss Smith's school to learn to be a lady."

Vacation at Miss Smith's school—and behold the "lady," a dab of clay on the end of her nose, at work again for a precious day in the clay room.

A day's vacation for the High School, and the cafeteria of the Peninsula School is making an extra tower of sandwiches. Sure enough, back they come, these fifteen and sixteen year old "graduates," to recover the joy of Folk Dancing, revisit a favorite School Science group, pound copper for a while, or go wandering with the sketch group.

"While you're at the Peninsula School it doesn't seem as though you were learning anything, but after you get away you begin to realize how much you have learned," remarked one of them.

This is because, in so far as possible, learning is coincident with living, which, at its best, is unselfconscious, wholly absorbing.

Four years ago there were some Palo Alto parents who could not bear to watch the stultifying effect of public school routine upon their children. Their hope to infuse the public school with the spirit and methods of the Progressive Education Movement proved futile. So they up and started a school of their own. Some teachers of training and experience and some mothers and fathers of special talents and plenty of devotion made up the faculty. An absurdly small sum was made to buy the necessary materials. There were some thirty-odd children. As can be imagined, when a group of strong personalities embark upon such a vital undertaking, the atmosphere was full of tension. Now there are over one hundred children—parents incorporated—and no deficit last year.

Last year I made a casual visit to the

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school. And I happened to be in a rather skeptical, ungracious frame of mind, not long before having visited another school fond of the word "creative." As I roamed freely from one room to another however, an excitement grew within me. This ramshackle old ark of a building was indeed the children's own. They were covering its large walls with murals sublime and whimsical. They were intensifying their experiences, developing suggestions from their group-study of the history of exploration, Indian life, or whatever immediate interest, or simply playing with pure color and design. The walls of the upper halls were covered with large sheets of brown paper, with plenty of bright chalks, for these continual emergencies. Shop, Science laboratory, art materials, musical facilities, clay, sand, blocks, printing press, were immediately available at any time and for any length of time, for an urgent idea. In fact, the entire school seemed to be a changing scene: the furor had been caves, until the yard resembled a gopher colony, a miniature Panama canal, then tree houses, grass houses, gardening—

And here was a room, all clay—great jars of clay, shelves covered with all sorts of things from dogs to dishes,—tables littered with hunks of clay in diverse and individual forms of becoming, under many small fingers. And the teacher was not a "teacher"—She was herself, and alive to the possibilities of her whole situation—her lump of clay was a child's head. Her occasional, laconic suggestions to the children were terse and full of meaning, not merely the congealed remains of "education" served up cold from one generation to the next. (I have suddenly noticed that my fingers were shaping a bit of clay, unawares!)

Wherever I drifted, I was taken so cordially for granted by teachers and children, that I forgot to play spectator. When I finally took stock of my day's activities, they included making scenery with the six-year-olds, acting time-keeper for an Arithmetic-race, and singing the songs of my Taos Indian friends in the Indian village built by the nine-year-olds. (They and their teachers had been completely Indian, for a day and a night, out in the mountains!)

If I exclaimed to Mrs. Duveneck, "I have never seen a school-ful of such happy children," I was struck by an even more extraordinary phenomenon: all the teachers were genuinely happy, and in process of development. This is, I believe, the prime condition of the first.

—Christine Frederiksen



The dull can be made to act just as if they were bright.

Books . . .

WORLD UNITY

Anthropology & Modern Life, by Franz Boas, Ph. D. (W. W. Norton & Co.) \$3.00.

Sooner or later anyone interested in social problems must reckon with anthropology and therefore with Boas who, in this book opposes the notion that cultural diversities are determined by racial differences, or, in other words by physical heredity. Also he deals with several other cultural problems.

The author does not use the word 'culture' to indicate refinement or superiority. On the contrary, for his purposes it means the totality of traits that identify and distinguish a people, as disclosed by their customary conduct, in relationships such as business, sex, education, religion, foreign affairs, social intercourse and all other features of the complex system of habits governing their behavior with each other, with strangers and with physical environment.

It happens that so many similar habits are found in the cultures of unlike races however, that they "convince us of the independence of race and culture because their distribution does not follow racial lines." Indeed, we are told, "the general experience of ethnology indicates that whatever differences there may be between great races, are insignificant when considered in their effect upon cultural life."

The claim of racial superiority then, as for example our boasted Nordic superiority, "is the result of self-admiration that emotional thinkers have tried to sustain by imaginative reasoning. It has no foundation in observed fact."

History shows of course that this self-admiration has been curiously linked with the fear aroused by a stranger with a culture. Often it has seemed a duty to kill such strangers. Fear of them at any rate, was to be hidden if not subdued beneath a superiority complex.

Slowly, all too slowly indeed, have diverse cultures influenced each other; all too slowly too have small isolated communities merged with others into wider and yet wider political unions until now we have what may be termed the age of nationalism.

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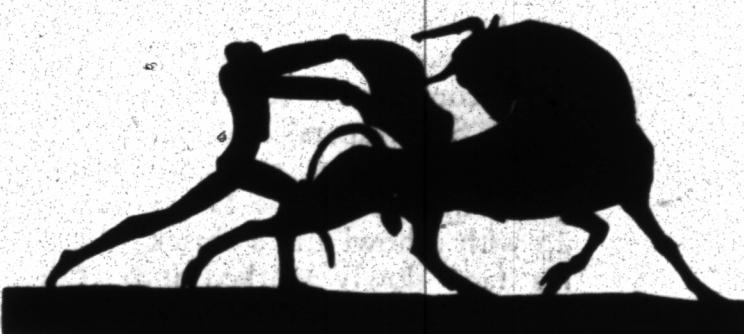
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UPSTAIRS

zation of national ideals a definite advance that has benefited mankind," the author says, "cannot fail to see... that the federation of nations is the next necessary step in the evolution of mankind."

This view will be promoted no doubt by the knowledge that differences between nations are merely habitual and cultural, having no biological basis whatever. Then too it may receive a less reluctant welcome when we recognize that "on a larger scale the conditions now are being repeated which less than a century ago prevented the ready formation of modern nations.

The narrow-minded self-interest of cities and other small political units resisted unification, or federation, on account of supposed conflicts of interests and ideals." It will be seen then that "such a federation of nations is not an Utopian idea any more than nationalism was a century ago."

In addition to the problems of nationalism and world federation, the author in very plain terms gives his reactions as an anthropologist to eugenics, education, criminology, the inter-relations of races and other cultural problems.

—George A. Briggs.

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Peter's Paragraphs

We note with amusement an interesting controversy which has been raging in the Editorial columns of this paper. Its subject matter is as old as the wildest prehistoric mammal carved on a cave-wall: What is art?

* * * *

We do not presume to offer an answer. But one thing has struck us, living in an artistic and arty community. There are Babbitts of art as there are Babbitts in the Main Street of daily life. They have a different jargon and a different playground but the mental attitude is the same.

* * * *

They do not like things that offend their conventional feelings. From the howls of indignation and fury that went up at Jacob Epstein's sculpture of Christ to a movie that shows "coarse and crude and dull-witted people" they have complained when their finer sensibilities, their little feelings done up neatly in a lavender-scented handkerchief, their "emotional responses" timid and measured and petted like a pet pomeranian, have been battered upon by reality.

* * * *

Only the other day one came to the writer of these lines and objected to this in a poem:

"The cold stone is barren and bloodless

"Like the sheets of an old maid's bed."

* * * *

These are the people who bowdlerise Shakespeare, who censor books, who blush when small children say something that is true though outspoken; who won't read Jeffers because they "don't like his subjects"; who turn Shelley out of Oxford and D. H. Lawrence out of England; who hold back art and freedom and life.

* * * *

And all because they cannot face reality. Reality is too great, too shattering, too true for their little souls, their little minds, their little feelings done up in blue ribbons, "barren and bloodless as an old maid's bed."

* * * *

It is too bad that the movies are turning into talkies just as they are developing a real technique of acting. The movies we have seen recently have every one of them contributed something new in the art. "Skyscrapers" showed an old man realizing that his son had swung off a girder into space; the father did not start up with a howl and a shriek. Unmoving, his face slowly worked into realization, surprise, horror, grief. It was a graphic and true reproduction of the cliche

phrase: "slowly it dawned on him what had happened to his son."

* * *

Those who are watching the development of the movies closely are astonished at the strides being made. Movies are an art which can only grow as its audience grows and its audience is four hundred million: people of every age, every sex, every nationality, every color. There is nothing so universal except the sun and the stars. And with this enormous audience to satisfy, the art is growing and changing so rapidly that observers hardly have time to catch up.

* * *

Meanwhile old tired weary "moderns," especially those who pride themselves on a knowledge of "art" still cry "The Movies! Pooh. Little amusements for little people. The movies are not art." And they bury themselves in the pseudo-reality of pseudo-artists who murmur palely "of course you cannot expect the riffraff to appreciate my work. It is far above their little minds."

THE WORK TREES DO

An average pine tree manufactures a broomstick a day and uses two barrels of water to help do it. So reports Dr. D. T. MacDougal of Carmel, distinguished biologist of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, who addressed guests of that Institution recently in Washington on the growth of trees and the movements of sap. For more than ten years Dr. MacDougal has kept records of the tiny fraction of an inch that a tree grows in thickness each day, using a delicate instrument devised by himself and called the dendrograph. Side by side with these daily measurements of his forest wards, Dr. MacDougal has recorded the amounts of water sucked up by the trees as sap and evaporated from the leaves into the air. The rise of this sap is due, Dr. MacDougal believes, to suction from the leaves. Tiny pipes inside the tree's trunk make paths for this water. As it streams upward it carries with it from the soil the mineral food materials that the tree needs to live and to grow. From these materials plus sugar manufactured from gases of the air by the aid of sunlight falling on the leaves, the average pine tree of the kinds studied by him grows enough new wood each day, Dr. MacDougal has determined, to equal an ordinary broomstick. In this same interval the tree's roots "drink" an average of two barrels of water, most of which is expired into the air.

ERRATUM

We regret that the article "From Heidelberg" in last week's issue inadvertently went unsigned. It is by "An American Student."

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Absurdities . . .

Christopher Morley writes of Don Marquis, that "he is burly, ruddy, gray-haired, and fond of corn-cob pipes, dark beer, and sausages." Don writing of himself mentions that among other things he loathes Japanese art but likes beefsteak and onions. He has recently written "The Confessions of a Reformed Col-yumist." Here is a part of his "Col-yumist's Prayer":

"I pray thee make my colyum read
And give me thus my daily bread.
Endow me, if thou grant me wit,
Likewise with sense to mellow it.
Open mine eyes that I may see
The world with more of charity.
Make me (sometimes at least) discreet;
Help me to hide my self-conceit.
And give me courage now and then
To be as dull as are most men.
And give me readers quick to see
When I am satirizing me.
Grant that my virtues may atone
For some small vices of mine own."

* * * *

HE MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN

A note from Mr. Carroll Chilton of Paris, New York, Carmel, and at present Geneva, includes the following:

"I find life almost too rich over here, sometimes long for a few days in the quiet of Carmel."

(Mr. Chilton has established a studio in Geneva for the propagation of his ideas on music, which particularly includes, it will be remembered, one to promote the printing of pianola rolls as music scores.)

* * * *

SUNDAY IN JANUARY

New York City, Park Avenue. A chill wind. Impeccable dowagers, heavily swathed, walk crisply with their impeccable husbands from their impeccable hotels taking their little dogs for an airing. Then duck back, and sink into deep divans behind the Sunday paper for the rest of the day.

Chicago: It's gay on the Boul'Mich against the blue of the lake. But on Wilson Avenue, apartment house tenants are telephoning down to the Janitor to ask why they can't have a little heat or something; and on the West Side the trucks squeak on frozen streets, their drivers blowing on fiery-cold hands.

Carmel: Youths taking sunbaths on southerly roofs. Householders spading and raking their gardens for the spring planting. Small warm boys in overalls digging their way to China.

Hollywood: One more cocktail, Babe, and then let's go out to a movie. Gosh, we gotta do something

THE CARMELITE, January 9, 1929

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SHORT STORY

Scene: (Bruce Monahan at the typewriter; writes—)

Notice to subscribers

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Managing Editor: (looking over Bruce's shoulder).

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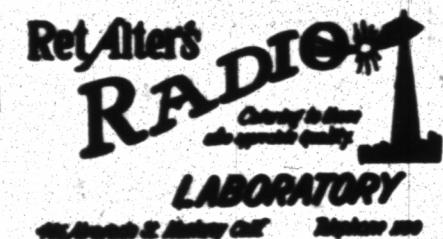
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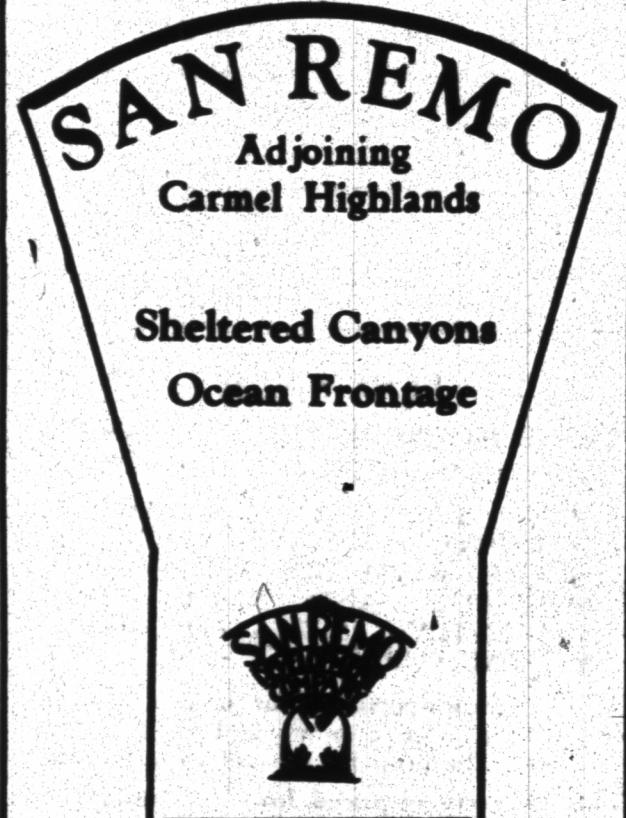
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